

Boston.
[Correspondence of the New York Herald]
BOSTON, July 1, 1844
I would have liked to give you yesterday, as
fittest occasion, some idea of Boston preach-
ers and Boston preachers, their in-comings and

short-comings, their style and their want of style, their luxuriance and their barrenness, their magnificent and their assumed tendencies, their struggle between interest and inclination, their ambition and their humility, their kindness, their intolerance, their lust, and their love. To treat this manifold theme as it should be treated, in all its winch and ramifications, its length, depth, breadth and its multitudinous and intricate subtleties, would require a volume as large as the *Book of Job*.

thickness, a contract for ink by the gallon, and per by the ream, would be the first requisite—especially if the work include an appended history the aspirations, the mortifications, the speculation conceits, follies, and vagaries of the demi-saints—the unfledged ministry, whose creed

yet allow, and which circumstances is yet to determine—the fancy preachers, out of place, never to get place—the unripe windfalls of the great seminaries—young gentlemen in doctrine, doubt, white cravats, infinite incertitude, and verted dice. But I wish to attempt no more than to give a bird's-eye view of this fine fire through the medium of a letter sheet, and I'll do sometime, "if I break down."

There was a magnificent exhibition of fruits and flowers, stables, Horticultural Rooms, in Trevel-

Now, on Saturday, Warren, a retired ribbon man, after having dealt for years in artificial flowers, has deserted the counter for the garden, and devoted his time to the pursuit of the improvement of the soil. His fruits, the richest and rarest, which nature will vouchsafe to this climate. There are many other amateur gardeners and horticulturists amongst such of the Boston merchants and professional men, as retire to the country, and their residences a little way out of the city, and they are at the expense of many improvements in agriculture, of which the practical farmer eventually reaps the benefit. In the ward, of Lexington, is another, but more practical. His experiments in manures, stocks, breeding, etc., attract visitors from the remotest parts of the country. There is a small farm, called the "Farm of the Future," except one adjoining (for sale, I believe,) belonging to Theodore Phinney, of Cuba. Daniel Webster's farm in Marshfield, is said to owe its fruitfulness to the manure of Boston. It is a small place, and the savor farmer, in that neighborhood, showing them the capabilities of their soil. The excellent use to which he applies the manure

quantities of kelp-weed, devil's-aprons, ee-grass and delunct fish, continually cast by the sea up the beach, which forms one boundary of his tate, would fertilize a sand bank. In a late sail to Hampton Beach, in New Hampshire, I was glad to see that the farmers in that vicinity have plenty of sea-weed.

to see that the farmers in that vicinity have pieces of this kind of manure, and are entirely successful in its application. To recur to "Black Dancer," he has another and much better farm in Franklin N. H., once his father's homestead. Nearby is a small building, in which the Defender of the Constitution taught his neighbor's children during his college vacation, how to spell "baker." He resides on this farm some portion of his time, and devotes considerable attention to improvements in agriculture and stock breeding. He has a magnificent

gent Scotch bull (presented to him while in Scotland), and a cow that is said to yield twenty-two quarts per diem. When at home, he takes the pleasure in showing strangers about his place, and at such times is very obliging, cordial and jocular. During a visit which a party, of which I was one, made to his farm last fall, he showed us some of his prize specimens. I think it is, and he evidently held him in higher admiration than he expressed. His pigs, too, were splendid specimens of the breed. By the way, this reminds me of one of Webster's droll jokes, made while condescending to play the cicerone for us. Some of his pigs had escaped

from the pen, and were making sad havoc in a pile of kitchen stuffs. "Hallo, John," said Daniel, "your foreman, a tall, shag-headed Yankee, who once has turned Horse-shoe Robinson round his finger, is helping the pigs to help themselves." "So is the foreman," said Daniel, "examining the pen," "they are routed out." "Umph," rejoined the retired school men, drily, "radicals, eh?"

This morning, posters were found stuck on the corners, calling a meeting of citizens in favor of Joe Smith for President, at the Melodeon, a forenoon. A considerable number of people assembled in consequence of this announcement, among them many men and two, of course, good-looking women, and a few boys and a baby.

A P. M.—The *Aradita* material half past 1 P. M.

With 76 passengers for Liverpool and 12 for Halifax. Amongst these were Jared Sparks, the historian, his wife, and servant.

I dropped in this afternoon upon the Jefferson Convention of Mormons. A gaunt seven foot man in a brown linen blouse, was blasting away, at top of his stentorian lungs, to about two hundred persons, more than half of whom were the ugly looking women I ever saw. They advertise to "the Western orators, Gen. Lyman White, H. Brigham Young, Wm. H. C. Kimball, H. H. Hunt, J. W. Woodruff, Pres. Geo. Orson, Prof. George W. Wells, and a host of others."

Another New York and Liverpool Packet.—The New Yorkers will soon have a full line of merino boot shine for Liverpool packets. In addition to the St. George, which is now running, and the St. George and tons, here by McKey & Packet, which have before noticed, Currier & Townsend, have within day or two laid the keel of a noble white oak ship of tons, for the owner of the St. George. This ship is to be called the St. Patrick, and is to be finished as expeditiously as possible.

is an positive fire timber, which is popular for its many uses. It is used for building houses, bridges, many glades of the forest, which have been brought forth from the interior of New Hampshire. The forward stick of the vessel measures 27 inches in depth for a distance of about 10 feet, and is 14 in width. The stern knot is not cut in the middle, but is cut in the middle of the beam, and runs through the body. The ship will measure on deck 100 feet, and has about 35 feet beam. Capt. Greylock, of New York, is to command her. We are glad to see that the shipcarpenters are fully employed, and that the quantity of first quality of white oak timber. The labor is lying around and undying, will of itself reply to an intelligent observer for a visit to the yard. Messrs. C. H. H. and Towne have launched the ship, and she is to be called the Rambler. — *Newburyport Herald*.

OUTRAGEOUS VILANY.—On the night of Thursday the 20th ult., a dwelling house in Jay street, in this village, occupied by Mrs. Low and Mrs. W. more, and their families, comprising seven women and children, was set on fire by some infamous scoundrel when all were asleep, and would certainly have been consumed with the building had not the fire been extinguished by the efforts of the fire engine. An act of so outrageous and unprovoked atrocity has never been perpetrated in this section of country. The trustees have offered a reward of £200 for the detection of the villainous *Poukchereh Eagle*.

LATERS FROM TEXAS.—By the New York, C. W. Wright, from Galveston, we have Texas dated to the 15th inst. Our files are totally barren of intelligence of interest. Most of the papers are filled with accounts from the journals of the United States relative to the execution of the *Heavenly Star* of the 15th inst. and the *Heavenly Star* of the 15th inst. The *Heavenly Star* of the 15th inst. is the only one that mentions the fact that it was to be executed from this paper to the effect that it was to be executed from this paper to the effect that it was to be executed that anything, in regard to execution by C.

The trial of Com. Moore was still in progress at Washington.

The body of B. Canfield, whose residence is about nine miles from Houston, at Piney Point, was found in Buffalo Bayou a short distance below his dwelling, on the 11th inst. He went out on the shore in the forenoon, and returning, he was attacked. The body was found by two gentlemen, who went from Houston for the purpose. Upon examination, it was discovered that he had been shot in the face and neck with fourteen bullets. Some of the wounds were fatal. The body was carried to the city, and placed in the morgue.

There is, so far, no further intelligence in relation to the present Indian fight near Corpus Christi. The House of Representatives, at the 12th, speaking of the late Indian treaty, said:

We have direct information from Bexar, that the danger is no less than, therefore, that the Indians are now carrying their depredations in parties of from eight to twelve, and that it is unsafe to travel the country, to be armed and in company. And it is certainly no less important to emigrants and strangers to be on their guard than it is to the old and experienced inhabitants of Bexar who never leave town without arms and company."

(O. Picayune June 23)